

Shine and Shadow by jonesyslug

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Genre: AU, Addiction, Coming Out, Crossover, Death, Drugs, F/M, Family, Fuck Stephen King, Half Siblings - Freeform, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Not Canon Compliant, Recovery, Step Siblings, probably dumb references to other stephen king works, the shining and other ~mind powers~

Language: English

Characters: Abra Stone, Casey Pangborn, Dan "Danny" Torrance, David Stone, John Pangborn, Lucy Stone, Maggie Tozier, Rachel Tozier, Richie Tozier, Wendy Torrance, Wentworth Tozier, tba

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Maggie Tozier/John Pangborn, Wendy Torrance/Wentworth Tozier

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Summary:

Wendy Torrance becomes Wendy Tozier, and Danny gets a new, and ultimately confusing younger brother, with a mind unlike any he's experienced. Richie is equally puzzled by his new roommate, while experiencing the growing pains of being away for his mother, his sister, and a hometown he can't remember.

As they grow up they each face their own amazing and tremendous terrors, but unwilling to talk about them, they are brought back together by their niece, Abra, who is determined that their stories will have happy endings.

1. Blending

Author's Note:

this one is for Rand, without whom, I wouldn't have written...anything I've written since September.

Notes for the Chapter:

so, forewarned is forearmed:

there isn't going to be any richie/eddie for a long fucking time, so if you're just here for that, i'm sure the website is chock-a-block full of things to better suit your needs!

if you're still reading, thank you for coming on this journey with me. it's going to be a fun one, i swear.

a million, billion thanks to the5throommate, go check out their stuff, they're an amazing writer and always willing to bounce ideas around with me. (i love you, rand!)

There were a lot of things that Danny understood on a technical level, that he wasn't sure people wanted him to. They didn't want him to treat it so... the word his mother had used was *clinically*. Mr. Tozier- no, *Wentworth*, never *Dad*, but always that horrible name *Wentworth*, was a nice man. A fine man. His mother loved him. He didn't drink. He didn't take pills. He smoked a cigar sometimes, but that was fine. He was nice. His mother loved him, and she really thought maybe one day Danny would love him too. Maybe one day, Danny would call Wentworth dad. That's what she wanted.

But she didn't know he was in a stalemate with his new roommate.

Richard Tozier had stringy dark hair, thick glasses, and listened to

rock music too loud. Richie was 14 and Danny knew, 16 wasn't *that* much older, but he felt centuries spreading between them. He thought, really, he could get along with Richie soon enough. Richie was annoying, but also funny, and weren't little brothers supposed to be annoying?

Wentworth isn't my dad, but Richie is my brother?

He wondered if Richie felt the same way, but he tried not to listen to Richie, if he could help it. There was something dark and powerful and pulsing in Richie's brain and he didn't even know it was there. Sometimes, late at night, all that darkness would slip down out of Richie's ears from the top bunk, and right into Danny's brain, and it was terrifying. Worse than The Overlook. Different. Stronger. There were nice things in there too, though, and he relished those moments. Those feelings of love and power. Those memories.

One day, Danny had mentioned Eddie. That was a name that came up a lot. He hadn't meant to, and while he was trying to come up with a suitable lie, a plausible story to explain that *no*, Richie had definitely mentioned him before, Richie just looked at him with a blank expression and asked, "Who's Eddie?"

That blankness scared Danny. He double checked Richie in that moment, though he didn't like being in his head. There was nothing. There was no Eddie.

For a while, Danny wondered if Eddie was Richie's Tony, and something had happened. The connection had been snapped. But it wasn't so. Eddie was somewhere out in the world. Danny checked. He didn't remember Richie, either.

Richie didn't want an older brother. That was a problem. Richie hated the bunk beds, Richie hated Danny moving into his room and hanging up his own posters. Richie hated sharing his closet full of ratty tee shirts and patterned button downs with Danny's flannels and polo shirts.

But Richie didn't hate Danny. Richie liked not having to ride the bus to school. Richie didn't hate Wendy. He wasn't ready to call her mom any more than Danny was ready to call Wentworth dad, but he didn't hate Wendy. In fact, he loved her. It hurt Danny when he felt it, the big spike of Richie's love for Wendy, because Richie's own mother had never tried to understand him. Richie could love Wendy because she'd spent so much of her life raising her Doc, and when a child behaved oddly in front of her, they were met with compassion and a desire to understand. He loved Wendy because she laughed at his jokes. Sometimes, Richie reminded Wendy of Jack when he was young, and she'd spend the whole day feeling guilty about it.

Danny wanted to tell her it was okay. Richie reminded him of Dad sometimes too, but only when Dad was good, or at least neutral.

Richie could scream if he was mad, but he never hit. He slammed doors and he stomped his feet, but he didn't want to hit anyone.

Danny told this to his mother and she started crying and held Danny for a long time. She thanked him and made cheese rice and broccoli for dinner, because Danny liked that.

Richie did not, and walked to the Taco Bell down the block with his crumpled up dollar bills and handfuls of change. Wendy had cried at

the table while Wentworth rubbed her back, and Richie hadn't been allowed to watch television for a week. But that was all. It was quiet. No one yelled. No one hit. No one spit venom.

Come take your medicine!

Everything was fine, and Danny even recorded Richie's favorite shows for him so he could watch them later.

Danny had never had to be a brother before, but Richie had, and he missed his sister very badly. It made him cry when he thought Danny was asleep.

His sister had stayed with their mom so she could go to college. She didn't call much. Danny didn't like how much that hurt Richie, because he always felt it, whether he was trying to or not. It woke him up sometimes.

Rachel. Rachel Tozier was everything her brother hadn't been. Richie's mom liked Rachel. She understood Rachel. Richie worried that if they spent enough time together, his sister wouldn't like him anymore either.

Danny never tried to find Rachel. He didn't want to be any more in Richie's business than he already was, and he knew it was too much. He knew too many of Richie's secrets. He knew too many things other people thought about Richie. Richie could magnetize other people's thoughts about him and send them right to Danny's head. He didn't understand why Richie and everything around him carried such sort of *power* when Richie didn't seem to shine (and Danny *had* checked. A

lot. He yelled in Richie's head for weeks and Richie never noticed.) at least, not in the way Danny understood it.

But Danny learned to deal with it. He bought Richie and himself some headphones and cassettes. It was easier like that. Richie listened to his almost constantly, and in those moments, the biggest thing Danny heard was which lyrics Richie liked best.

And then, *then* , they were starting to settle. Time was passing and bringing peace with it. Danny was finding more ways to cope with the aura around Richie. Richie was calling Wendy his mom. Wentworth let Danny call him Lee, his middle name. They were coming together in a quiet sort of harmony.

But Danny was the first to know, when it happened. Tony told him.

Wendy is pregnant. It's a girl.

Danny had lost his sense and run to his mother's room that morning to tell her. Lee had absolutely no idea what was happening or how to process it. His brain flooded and overflowed. That was something about the Toziers. Even though Lee didn't have whatever Richie had, dark and simmering, both of them thought too much and too fast and too many things at once.

Wendy tried to calm Danny down. She needed him to leave. She needed to explain to Lee, finally, after six months of marriage. She had to sit him down with her prepared and dreaded "*Danny is a very special boy*" speech.

Lee was resistant to it, to the idea of Danny *knowing* things, to the possibility that Wendy was going to have a child. He wasn't mad, but he was concerned about their apparent shared delusion. He knew what they had been through, and how something that massive could fracture your outlook into confusing bits and pieces, that it seemed natural they'd come together over something like that. He only challenged it gently, when he and Wendy were alone, but Danny could hear his doubt.

So the day they went to the doctor, because Wendy was getting sick, Danny stuck a note in Lee's wallet before he left.

Tell Wendy you want to name her Lucy, after your grandmother.

Lee had cried that day, for a long time. He was happy and confused and he didn't know what to do. When Danny got home from school, Lee hugged him for a long time, in silence, before whispering, "I don't think I ever told you my grandmother's name, Dan."

Danny stood back and looked up at him, and Lee noticed how deep and probing his big, blue eyes were.

"You didn't." Danny said, simply.

Lee nodded and wiped a tear away. That was it. That was all for now. Lee didn't want to ask questions. He didn't really think he'd understand. But he could accept.

"You got any homework, champ?"

Danny's heart felt warm. Lee only ever called Richie "champ" before now. Danny shook his head. Lee patted him on the shoulder. "You mind going to see if Rich needs help with his?"

Danny nodded and walked away, leaving Lee reeling in a swirling storm of emotions. He was going to be a father, again.

Danny went and sat in his bed. He already knew the only help Richie needed with his homework was having someone around to remind him to stay on task. So that's what Danny was going to do, even if he was playing Alice in Chains a little too loud in the tape deck without his headphones.

Danny liked having a brother. Maybe he'd like having a sister, too.

Richie swiveled around in his seat when Danny came in the room.

"They didn't tell me yet, but I heard them talking about it." Richie said.

"Talking about what?" Danny asked, nonchalantly.

Richie rolled his eyes. "I know you know. The baby. We're like,

officially brothers now, I guess."

Danny cocked his eyebrow. "Officially?"

"Well... it's my dad's baby, and your mom's baby, so we're both gonna be it's brothers, so we're like, really brothers now?"

Danny smiled. "If that's what you need to make it official."

Richie looked down at his shoes for a second. "Am I a huge douche, Doc?"

"What the hell are you talking about, Richie?"

Richie turned the music down and stood up.

"No, I'm like a tremendous dickwad, right?" He asked, as he started pacing. "Like everybody at school- no, fuck that, sorr-" he said, stopping suddenly and taking off his glasses.

"Rich?"

"I just... we're already brothers. Right? We don't need the baby for- Are we brothers, Dan?"

Danny nodded. "Yeah, Richie. O'course. You're my pain-in-the-ass little brother." He said, standing and giving Richie a noogie.

Richie laughed, startled, and flailed around a bit. "Alright, uncle! *Uncle!*"

Danny released him and they both laughed.

"You're not a dickwad, Richie."

Richie took in a deep breath and put his glasses back on.

"Yeah, I am, but it doesn't really matter. Howard Stern is a dickwad, and he makes tons of money." Richie flopped back down into his chair. "I'm gonna do *that*."

Danny laughed. "Your dad *hates* Howard Stern, doesn't he?"

"Yeah, but he won't hate *me* when I buy him a Maserati. Money heals all wounds."

"Sometimes I wonder what it's like in your brain, man." Danny said, walking over to the bookshelf to look for something to read.

Richie gave a sinister laugh and put on a scratchy, evil voice. "Oh, it's a big, dark, tangled mess, Danny Boy!" He said, punctuating it with a howl.

Danny had to stifle a laugh. *It sure fucking is.*

Notes for the Chapter:

very excited to dive into family dynamics and get into what richie's mom and sister are up to. hope to see you back here again soon!

please leave a comment, if you are physically able, as i will seemingly die without them. thank you.

2. Who Watches Over You

Summary for the Chapter:

The boys are left home alone for a bit between Wendy & Lee leaving for the hospital, and Rachel arriving. When she gets there, Danny realizes Rachel's brain has some interesting quirks of its own.

Notes for the Chapter:

welcome back! Time for everyone to meet Rachel! (Again? If you've read *Bad Day Served 2 Ways* then you've technically already met her.) Rachel is... technically my OC but I think the '17 movie insinuates that Richie has a sister, and the '90s one says he does, so! BOOM! RACHEL TOZIER. I am proud to present her.

Wendy's pregnancy hadn't been easy on her. Her slight limp had become pronounced, and having to give up smoking for nine months was hard. She was a sweet woman, but she had her limits. She'd snap at one of the boys, then cry, cry, cry about it, she was so sorry, she didn't mean it, and they'd hug her and let her know it was okay.

Richie hadn't heard from his mother since she'd found out about the baby. Rachel had called to congratulate her father, and spoken to Richie briefly, but that was months ago. She wrote him exactly one letter in that time, telling him college was crazy and fun and she didn't have much time but hopefully three cigarettes and a five dollar bill (enclosed) would make up for something.

It certainly had. It cleared a big, dark cloud from his mind. Their mother hadn't come between them, like he so feared.

The five dollars had just gone towards more cigarettes, once the three Marlboro Lights were gone.

Richie was always careful with his smoking, but since Wendy'd quit, he'd had to be *extra* careful. He went all the way out into the woods past their yard at 3 am, with a duffle bag. Fresh clothes, cologne, mouthwash, gum, car air fresheners, dryer sheets. Anything and everything to make sure he didn't smell like tobacco when Wendy woke up. Sometimes he smelled so strongly of Listerine that it made her sick, but he thought that was better than the alternative.

Danny wasn't overly fond of the smell of Listerine, either. The alcoholic bite of it in the air was not friendly. But he didn't say anything. He didn't even let on that he knew Richie smoked. He was keeping lots of secrets, and he figured Richie would prefer to continue to live under the delusion that he could even *have* secrets from Danny.

Richie wasn't having nightmares anymore. There weren't even fuzzy, foggy images of any of it left in his mind. It was totally gone.

Unfortunately that just left room for Danny to have his own nightmares. Sometimes, he'd wake up from one, panting, something still echoing in his head-

Come take your medic-

And he'd hear Richie whimper on the top bunk. The first time it happened, he'd checked on him. Physically, first, peeking over the top bunk- Richie was still asleep. Curled up and had his pillow

clutched to his chest. Then Danny checked on him mentally. The landscape of his sleeping mind was fine and blank, he wasn't sleeping deep enough to dream, but he was vaguely aware of a roque mallet.

Danny didn't understand how these things worked. The only one who had ever explained any of it to him was Dick Halloran, who knew how to put bad things in boxes, who knew about *real* ghosts, and twinkles, and speaking just with your mind. But there must have been lots of things Dick didn't know. Danny figured no one could know *everything* about the shining.

So somehow, he could broadcast out to Richie, *sometimes* . He'd never been able to on purpose. Maybe Richie wasn't even aware, the way he was a sponge. Danny often heard other people's thoughts hanging onto Richie like they were hitchhiking out of town. Richie never heard them. Richie would just sit there, watching television, and Danny could hear kids from his class thinking all their horrible thoughts about him and Richie didn't even know.

It seemed to Danny that this effect got stronger the more Richie forgot about his hometown. *Nature hates a vacuum*. Things were rushing in to try and fill the gap, sticking like he was made of flypaper- *deadflies*, *thank God he's never got deadflies*- but they never really stuck, because Richie would have had to hear them to remember them.

Danny was listening to his headphones, building stronger walls in his mind so he wouldn't see and hear so many damn things, so he wouldn't let things slip out of his head in his sleep- when Wendy's water broke. He was focusing so hard on blocking things out that he was the last one to know. He didn't notice until he saw Richie run past him, lugging a suitcase.

Danny ripped off his headphones and followed him.

Lee was helping Wendy limp to the car. Richie loaded the bag in the back. Once Wendy was in her seat, Lee quickly rounded the car to address the boys.

"Dan, you're in charge until Rachel gets here."

Danny nodded. He felt guilty he hadn't been able to prepare his mother for-

"Dan, did you hear me?"

Danny opened the door he'd built into his walls.

"Yeah, money is in the cabinet with the plates."

Lee sighed with relief and nodded.

"Be good, Champ." He said, kissing Richie on the top of the head. He patted Danny on the shoulder. "Good luck, Doc."

And then they were gone.

Richie looked frazzled, his eyes were wide and his hair was a mess.

"Where were you when the shit hit the fan, dude?" Richie asked, as they walked back inside. "I was taking a fucking nap, I woke up because Dad was yelling."

Danny shrugged. "I guess my music was too loud."

Richie gave him an incredulous look. "No *fucking* duh. You're gonna get brain damage if you listen to your shit that loud."

Danny locked the door behind them.

"What do we do now?" Richie asked. Danny shrugged.

Richie bolted into the den. "We're home alone, right?" He called to Danny, who was following slowly.

"Sure." He said, looking at the woman sitting at the end of the hall. She wasn't bad, just confused. This was her house, before.

Danny had forgotten to close his door. He did so very carefully, and added more locks to it.

Just count to ten and they're gone, Doc.

"We should do something stupid, then!" Richie exclaimed. He had his whole arm under the couch. He was feeling around for something.

Danny was confused for a moment but, then, if Richie had anything he really wanted to hide, the den wasn't a bad place. Wendy and Lee never came in the den. Lee called it The Rumpus Room and considered it simply to be a place for the boys to sit with their friends, or girlfriends, if they ever had any over. The room was big and open- no doors- and therefore perfect for imagined privacy.

Riche came back from under the couch with something covered in duct tape.

It was too small to be a nudie mag or an *adult* video, like Danny had expected. He'd been thinking Richie was waiting for a good chance to prove himself to his new older brother, to engage in what he properly thought fraternity was, no matter how warped his image of it, but...

"Richie..." Danny said, cautiously.

"Relax, Doc, it's not a crack rock. I remember the fucking Peewee Herman commercial!"

Danny laughed. "I don't want to smoke with you, Rich, sorry."

Richie sighed and blew some hair out of his face. "Yeah, I should have figured." He said, rolling his eyes. He considered the small parcel in his hands. "Ah, Rach probably isn't that far away, anyway. She'd totally narc if she came over and we had red eyes." He said, sounding disappointed.

He dropped to his knees and stuck the tape back underneath the couch as well as he could.

"I don't get how you don't smoke at *all* when your mom is such a tobacco fiend. I mean, my mom is the reason I started smoking."

Danny tilted his head. "Well, it's bad for you-"

Richie laughed. "Okay, man. What, are you gonna try and get in The Olympics or some shit?"

Danny gave him a confused look.

Richie waved him off. "Don't worry about it, Doc. You've got your own oral fixation and it's fucking your teeth up in different ways than mine is." Richie collapsed onto the couch and kicked his feet up onto the beat up old coffee table.

Danny came around and sat by him. "What does that mean?" If it was a joke, he really didn't get it. Richie's humor usually wasn't deep enough to have to try and *get*.

"Dude, you serious? You suck your thumb, man!" Richie said, with a little laugh.

Danny turned bright red. "W-what are you talking about?"

Richie frowned. Danny sounded really upset over it. "Yeah... like I dunno, when I get up to piss I always see you- I guess it just happens when you sleep, man." He said, shrugging slightly.

That was when Danny decided he'd definitely never tell Richie all the things he knew. All the stuff inside his head. He felt sick. He honestly hadn't realized he was still holding onto that infantile coping mechanism, a decade on.

"It's cool, dude, I won't tell anybody or anything." Richie said, gently.

Danny didn't look him in the eyes. He could see in the peripheral that Richie's eyes were big and pleading. As if those thick lenses of his didn't make his eyes look gigantic enough, he was bulging them.

Danny grabbed the remote and flipped on the television. They sat there, watching MTV without a word passing between them, verbal or mental, until the sun was down and there were headlights in the driveway.

"Rachel!" Richie yelled, happily, launching himself over the arm of

the couch and running to the front door. Rachel had barely stopped the car by the time Richie had yanked her out of her seat and pulled her into a hug.

"Calm the fuck down, Dickie!" Rachel said, patting him on the back and laughing. "If you're that excited, bring my stuff in for me, twerp." She said, jerking her head towards the passenger seat.

"Okay, *your highness*." Richie grumbled, but went to get her duffle bag anyway.

Danny appeared in the doorway, and Rachel waved enthusiastically. Danny waved back.

"Hey, Dan-o!" Rachel said, as she walked into the house. She took off her coat, looked around for a coat rack, then just dropped it on the ground.

From what Danny had gleaned from Richie's perception, Rachel was a *perfect child*, a real Type-A personality. Danny had only met her once, at the wedding, and Richie had been too loud back then for him to hear anyone else.

"Hey, Rachel. How are you?"

Rachel had the same lanky frame and big, brown eyes as Richie, but that was it. She had honey warm hair in loose waves and a button nose. She looked like her mother. But she was much more like Richie than Danny would have guessed.

"Tired. It was a long drive."

Only- Rachel had what Dick Halloran had called a *twinkle*. She didn't shine, but she always knew when there'd be a pop quiz, or what time to get to the cafeteria to get the last slice of cake. It meant she came through a bit clearer than most people, and though Danny had spent his whole day tuning people out, Rachel fucked it up the minute she walked through the door.

"Well, thanks for coming over last minute, anyway. I know it definitely puts my mom at ease."

Rachel thought Danny was weird. Rachel was not going to accept Wendy as a mother figure. It wasn't that she didn't care about them at all, no, she'd visit more when the baby was born, because the baby would be her sister. But she thought she was probably too old for a new family. She'd made it all the way to 18 with her nuclear family in tact, and now there were just a few tagalongs on holidays. In fact, her mom was going to be remarrying soon.

Nobody mentioned that to Richie...

"Yeah, mom never would have left me and Doc home alone on purpose." Richie said, as he threw Rachel's duffel bag towards the stairs and leaned on the door to close it.

"Hey, jerk-off, be careful with that!" She said, rushing over to make sure everything in her bag was intact.

After a second, Richie's words processed, and she snapped her head up. "Wait, since when is Wendy ' Mom?'"

Richie looked down at his shoes. He turned pink. "I dunno." He said, with a shrug.

Rachel shook her head. "Whatever."

But it was not *whatever*. Rachel felt betrayed. She didn't say anything, though. She simply pulled some VHS tapes out of her duffle bag and shoved them into Danny's arms.

"I'm going to order some pizza for dinner." She said, curtly, walking towards the kitchen. She avoided looking at Richie as she passed him.

"Oh, we're having dinner? I thought you'd be full from *chugging dick!* " Richie yelled.

"Beep, beep, Trashmouth!" She screamed back. Then she disappeared behind the kitchen door.

"Beep beep?" Danny asked, quietly. Richie grunted.

"It means ' *shut the fuck up!* ' " He said, crossing his arms. He walked

over to Danny and grabbed the tapes. "Let's see if she has any fucking taste." He said, looking at the covers.

He pushed his glasses up with his knuckle. "Damnit." He whispered.

"What is it?" Danny asked, looking over Richie's shoulder.

" *Toxic Avenger*. Mom- my *mom* mom- never let me watch it, no matter how much I begged."

Richie groaned. "Ugh. I have to go apologize, don't I?"

Danny took the tapes. "I think so."

"She shouldn't be so weird about Wendy, though."

Danny thought about his own discomfort with calling Lee "dad".

"It's just growing pains of uh, a blended family. I read about it in some magazine. Hasn't even been a year yet, and she doesn't know me or my mom very well."

"I *guess*..." Richie said, sulking towards the kitchen.

Danny didn't listen in. He put on his headphones and went and sat in the den, with the tapes laid out in front of him on the table.

Besides *Toxic Avenger*, there was *Evil Dead 2* and *UHF*. These movies had definitely been picked out with Richie in mind. So she was never going to be Danny's sister, but Danny could be happy that his brother had a nice older sister looking out for him. Even if he didn't approve of her encouraging his smoking habit.

By the time Rachel and Richie made it back to the den, they were laughing. Danny sort of got the feeling this was just how they were. Snapping back and forth like a rubber band.

"Ey, you laid out the movies, Dan. You have any preferences?" Rachel asked.

Danny scanned them carefully. He'd never seen any of them.

"I dunno."

"Well, I know Richie is gonna like all of them, and I've seen them all before, so I only think it's fair that you get to pick."

"Yeah, Danny!" Richie said, flopping down beside him on the couch. "I don't care what order we watch them in, as long as we watch *Toxic Avenger* tonight!"

“Yeah...okay...” Danny’s hand hovered over the table, then he picked up *Evil Dead 2*. “Is this alright?”

Rachel and Richie laughed warm, similar laughs, and Rachel took the box from Danny.

“We already said it was, Dan.”

She put it in the VCR then sat down on the couch next to Richie. Richie’s heart was full, and he thought it was stupid, and at the same time he wanted to live in this feeling forever. Both of his siblings there! He got to watch horror movies, and he’d be able to smoke on the porch tonight, instead of all the way out in the woods. Maybe Rachel would even smoke with him!

He looked to his right, where Danny was sitting up straight on the couch, in that blue hoodie he was apparently sewn into since the cold weather had started. Danny smiled back at him. Just a nice little, closed-mouth smile. Sort of shy. A very *Danny* smile.

Then he looked to his left, at Rachel. She was slumped into the couch, her whole outfit had been taken off a mannequin at The Gap, and she was staring at the TV with a blank expression that made her look sort of sour. But when she saw Richie looking at her, she grinned. Wide and toothy. Big dimple-causing smile, and mussed Richie’s hair.

He giggled, then grabbed the blanket off the back of the couch, and settled with his head on Danny’s shoulder and his feet on Rachel’s lap.

To everyone’s surprise, he was asleep before the pizza arrived.

Notes for the Chapter:

Aww... Look at that. I love this chapter. There are actually three versions of this chapter and the first two were NOTHING like this, but this one won. It's more filler than the other versions are, but I really like how it turned out and I think the kids deserve some happiness!

And then in the next chapter we get to do all sorts of fun stuff where I stitch together the movie and book versions of The Shining to create my own events because fuck it, amirite? See y'all again soon!

the chapter title is from Birdhouse in Your Soul by They Might Be Giants, which is on my fic playlist.

go nuts: <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2mvv2KbCP6G5OQ2oMLSm2R?si=ZVnmW4qNQJa3TTr84vWHoQ>